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Bunker Hill

Bunker Hill
(Nathaniel Niles, Andrew Law)

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction, in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans.

Death will invade us by the means appointed
And we must all bow to the King of Terrors
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared
What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission
Bids us be quiet under all His dealings
Never repining but forever praising
God, our Creator.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine
Nor less His goodness in the storm and thunder
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness
Infinite kindness.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When called to yield it.

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature
Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance
Bear down to battle!

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head
Stings me with serpents fiercer than Medusa's
To the encounter.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with
And if preserved in so great a contest
Life is redoubled.

Written in 1775

Another hawkish hymn. See Chester

From Songbook of the American Revolution, Rabson

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